EMMY LOU *in a* SCHOOL PLAY

V.

The Play's the Thing.

IT was the day of the exhibition. At the close of the half year the third reader class had suffered a change in teachers, the first having been a substitute, whereas her successor was a real teacher. And since the coming of Miss Carrie, the third reader class had lived, as it were, in the public eye, for on Fridays books were put away and the attention given to recitations and company.

Miss Carrie talked in deep tones, which she said were chest tones, and described mysterious sweeps and circles with her hands when she talked. And these she called gestures. Miss Carrie was an elocutionist and had even recited on the stage.

She gave her class the benefit of her talent, and in teaching them said they must suit the action to the word. The action meant gestures, and gestures meant sweeps and circles.

Emmy Lou had to learn a piece for Friday. It was poetry, but you called it a piece, and though Uncle Charlie had selected it for Emmy Lou, Miss Carrie did not seem to think much of it.

Emmy Lou stood up. Miss Carrie was drilling her, and though she did her best to suit the action to the word, it seemed a complicated undertaking. The piece was called, "A Plain Direction." Emmy Lou came to the lines:

Straight down the Crooked Lane
And all around the Square.

Whatever difficulties her plump forefinger had had over the first three of these geometrical propositions, it triumphed at the end, for Emmy Lou paused. A square has four sides, and to suit a four-sided action to the word takes time.

Miss Carrie, whose attention had wandered a little, here suddenly observing, stopped her, saying her gestures were stiff and meaningless. She said they looked like straight lines cut in the air.

Emmy Lou, anxious to prove her efforts to be conscientious, explained that they were straight lines—it was square. Miss Carrie drew herself up, and using her coldest tones, told Emmy Lou not to be funny.

"Funny!" Emmy Lou felt that she did not understand.

But this was a mere episode between Fridays. One lived but to prepare for Fridays, and a Sunday dress was becoming a mere everyday affair, since one's best must be worn for Fridays.

No other class had these recitations and the third reader was envied. Its members were pointed out and gazed upon, until one realized one was standing in the garish light of fame. The other readers, it seemed, longed for fame and craved publicity, and so it came about that the school was to have an exhibition with Miss Carrie's genius to plan and engineer the whole. For general material Miss Carrie drew from the whole school, but the play was for her own class alone.

And this was the day of the exhibition.

Hattie and Sadie and Emmy Lou stood at the gate of the school. They had spent the morning in rehearsing. At noon they had been sent home with instructions to return at half-past 2. The exhibition would begin at 3.

"Of course," Miss Carrie had said, "you will not fail to be on time." And Miss Carrie had used her deepest tones.

Hattie and Sadie and Emmy Lou had wondered how she could ever dream of such a thing.

It was not 2 o'clock, and the three stood at the gate, the first to return.

They were in the same piece. It was "The Play." In a play one did more than suit the action to the word; one dressed to suit the part.

In the play Hattie and Sadie and Emmy Lou found themselves the orphaned children of a soldier who had failed to return from the war. It was a very sad piece. Sadie had to weep, and more than once Emmy Lou had found tears in her own eyes, watching her.

Miss Carrie said Sadie showed histrionic talent. Emmy Lou asked Hattie about it, who said it meant tears, and Emmy Lou remembered then how tears came naturally to Sadie.

When Aunt Cordelia heard they must dress to suit the part she came to see Miss Carrie, and so did the mamma of Sadie and the mamma of Hattie.

"Dress them in a kind of mild mourning," Miss Carrie explained, "not too deep, or it will seem too real, and, as three little sisters, suppose we dress them alike."

And now Hattie and Sadie and Emmy Lou stood at the gate ready for the play. Stiffly immaculate white dresses, with beltings of black sashes, flared jauntily out above spotless white stockings and sober little black slippers, while black-bound Leghorn hats shaded three anxious little countenances. By the exact center, each held a little handkerchief, black bordered.

"It seems almost wicked," Aunt Cordelia had ventured at this point; "it seems like tempting Providence."

But Sadie's mamma did not see it so. Sadie's mamma had provided the handkerchiefs. Tears were Sadie's feature in the play.

Hattie and Sadie and Emmy Lou wore each an anxious seriousness of countenance, but it was a variant seriousness.

Hattie's tense expression breathed a determination which might have been interpreted do or die; to Hattie was a battling foe to be overcome and trodden beneath a victorious heel; Hattie was an infidel St. George, always on the look for the dragon, and to-day the exhibition was the dragon.

Sadie's seriousness was a complacent realization of large responsibility. Her weeping was a feature. Sadie remembered she had histrionic talent.

Emmy Lou's anxiety was because there loomed ahead the awful moment of mounting the platform. It was terrible on mere Fridays to mount the platform, and, after vain swallowing to overcome a labial dryness and a lingual taste of copper, try to suit the action to the word; but to mount the platform for the play—Emmy Lou was trying not to look that far ahead. But as the hour approached, the solemn importance of the occasion was stealing brainward, and she even began to feel glad she was a part of the exhibition, for to have been left out would have been worse even than the moment of mounting the platform.

"My grown-up brother's coming," said Hattie, "an' my mamma an' gran'ma an' the rest."

"My Aunt Cordelia has invited the visiting lady next door," said Emmy Lou.

But it was Sadie's hour. "Our minister's coming," said Sadie.

"Oh, Sadie," said Hattie, and while there was despair in her voice one knew that in Hattie's heart there was exultation at the very awfulness of it.

"Oh, Sadie," said Emmy Lou, and there was no exultation in the tones of Emmy Lou's despair. Not that Emmy Lou had much to do—hers was mostly the suiting of the action to some other's word. She was chosen largely because of Hattie and Sadie, who had wanted her. And then, too, Emmy Lou's Uncle Charlie was the owner of a newspaper. The exhibition might get into its columns; not that Miss Carrie cared for this herself—she was thinking of the good it might do the school.

Emmy Lou's part was to weep when Sadie wept, and to point a chubby forefinger skyward when Hattie mentioned the departure for earth of the soldier parent, and to lower that forefinger footward at Sadie's tearful allusion to an untimely grave.

Emmy Lou had but one utterance, and it was brief. Emmy Lou was to advance one foot, stretch forth a hand and say, in the character of orphan for whom no asylum was offered, "We know not where we go."

That very morning, at gray of dawn, Emmy Lou had crept from her own bed into Aunt Cordelia's bed to say it over, for it weighed heavily on her mind, "We know not where we go."

As Emmy Lou said it, the momentous import of the confession fell with explosive relief on the go, as if the relief were great to have reached that point.

It seemed to Aunt Cordelia, however, that the where was the problem in the matter.

Aunt Louise called in from the next room. Aunt Louise had large ideas. The stress, she said, should be laid equally on know not, where and go.

Since then, all day, Emmy Lou had been saying it at intervals of half minutes for fear she might forget.

Meanwhile, it yet lacking a moment or so to 2 o'clock, the orphaned heroines continued to linger at the gate, awaiting the hour.

"Listen," said Hattie; "I hear music."

There was a church across the street. The drug store adjoined it. It was a large church, with high steps and a pillared portico, and its doors were open.

"It's a band, and marching," said Hattie.

The orphaned children hurried to the curb. A procession was turning the corner and coming toward them. On either sidewalk crowds of men and boys accompanied it.

"It's a funeral," said Sadie, as if she intuitively divined the mournful.

Hattie turned with a face of conviction. "I know. It's that big general's funeral; they're bringing him here to bury him with the soldiers."

"We'll never see a thing for the crowd," despaired Sadie.

Emmy Lou was gazing. "They've got plumes in their hats," she said.

"Let's go over on the church steps and see it go by," said Hattie, "it's early."

The orphaned children hurried across the street. They climbed the steps. At the top they turned.

There were plumes and more, there were flags and swords, and a band led.


"HATTIE AND SADIE AND EMMY LOU STOOD AT THE GATE OF THE SCHOOL."

But at the church with unexpected abruptness the band halted, turned, it fell apart, and the procession came through; it came right on through and up the steps, a line of uniforms and swords on either side from curb to pillar, and halted.

Aghast, between two glittering files, the orphaned children shrank into the shadow behind a pillar, while upstreamed from the carriages below an unending line—bareheaded men, and ladies bearing flowers. Behind, below, about, closing in on every side, crowded people, a sea of people.

The orphaned children found themselves swept from their hiding by the crowd and unwillingly jostled forward into prominence.

A frowning man with a sword in his hand seemed to be threatening everybody; his face was red and his voice was big, and he glittered with many buttons. All at once he caught sight of the orphaned children and threatened them vehemently.

"Here," said the frowning man, "right in here," and he placed them in line.

The orphaned children were appalled, and even in the face of the man cried out in protest. But the man of the sword did not hear, for the reason that he did not listen. Instead he was addressing a large and stout lady immediately behind them.

"Separated from the family in the confusion, the grandchildren evidently—just see them in, please."

And suddenly the orphaned children found themselves a part of the procession as grand-children. The nature of a procession is to proceed. And the grandchildren proceeded with it. They could not help themselves. There was no time for protest, for, pushed by the crowd which closed and swayed above their heads and piloted by the stout lady close behind, they were swept into the church and up the aisle and when they came again to themselves were in the inner corner of a pew near the front.

The church was decked with flags.

So was the third reader room. It was hung with flags for the exhibition.

Hattie in the corner nudged Sadie. Sadie urged Emmy Lou, who, next to the stout lady, touched her timidly. "We have got to get out," said Emmy Lou, "we've got to say our parts."

"Not now," said the lady, reassuringly, "the programme is at the cemetery."

"S-h-h," said that person, engaged with the spectacle and the crowd; "Sh-h-"

Abashed, Emmy Lou sat, sh-h-ed.

Hattie arose. It was terrible to rise in church and at a funeral, and the church was filled, the aisles were crowded, but Hattie arose. Hattie was a St. George and a dragon stood between her and the exhibition.

She pushed by Sadie and past Emmy Lou. Hattie was as slim as she was strenuous, or perhaps she was slim because she was strenuous, but not even so slim a little girl as Hattie could push by the stout lady, for she filled the space.

At Hattie's touch she turned. Although she looked good natured, the size and ponderance of the lady were intimidating. She stared at Hattie; people were looking; it was in church; Hattie's face was red.

"You can't get to the family," said the lady, "you couldn't move in the crowd. Besides, I promised to see to you. Now be quiet," she added crossly, when Hattie would have spoken. She turned away. Hattie crept back vanquished by this dragon.

"So suitably dressed," the stout lady was saying to a lady beyond; "grandchildren, you know."

"She says they are grandchildren," echoed the whispers around.

"Even their little handkerchiefs have black borders," somebody beyond replied.

Emmy Lou wondered if she was in some dreadful dream. Was she a grandchild or was she an orphan? Her head swam.

The service began and there fell on the unwilling grandchildren the submission of awe. The stout lady cried, she also punched Emmy Lou with her elbow whenever that little person moved, but finally she found courage to turn her head so she could see Sadie.

Sadie was weeping into her black-bordered handkerchief, nor were they tears of histrionic talent. They were real tears. People all about were looking at her sympathetically. Such grief in a grandchild was very moving.

It may have been minutes, it seemed to Emmy Lou hours, before there came a general uprising. Hattie stood up. So did Sadie and Emmy Lou. Their skirts no longer stood out jauntily; they were quite crushed and subdued.

There was a wild, hunted look in Hattie's eyes. "Watch the chance," she whispered, "and run."

But it did not come. As the pews emptied the stout lady passed Emmy Lou on, address some one beyond. "Hold to this one," she said, "and I'll take the other two, or they'll get tramped in the crowd."

Emmy Lou felt herself grasped; she could not see up to find by whom. The crowd in the aisle had closed above her head, but she heard the stout lady behind saying: "Did you ever seen such an ill-mannered child?" and Emmy Lou judged that Hattie was struggling against fate.

Slowly the crowd moved, and, being a part of it, however unwillingly, Emmy Lou moved, too, out of the church and down the steps. Then came the crashing of the band and the roll of carriages, and she found herself in the front row on the curb.

The man with the brandishing sword was threatening violently. "One more carriage is here for the family," called the man with the sword. His face was red and his voice was hoarse. His glance in search for the family suddenly fell on Emmy Lou. She felt it fall.

The problem solved itself for the man with the sword and his brow cleared. "Grandchildren next," roared the threatening man.

"Grandchildren," echoed the crowd.

Hattie and Sadie were pushed forward from somewhere, Hattie lifting her voice. But what was the cry of Hattie before the brazen utterance of the band? Sadie was weeping wildly.

Emmy Lou, with the courage of despair, cried out in the grasp of the threatening man, but the man, lifting her into the carriage, was speaking himself, and to the driver. "Keep an eye on them—separated from the family," he was explaining, and a moment later Hattie and Sadie were lifted after Emmy Lou into the carriage, and as the door banged their carriage moved with the rest up the street.

"Now," said Hattie, and Hattie sprang to the farther door.

It would not open. Things never will in dreadful dreams.

Through the carriage windows the school with its arched doorways and windows gazed frowningly, reproachfully. A gentleman entered the gate and went into the doorway.

"It's our minister," said Sadie, weeping afresh.

Hattie beat upon the window and called to the driver, but no mortal ear could have heard above that band.

"An' my grown-up brother, an' gran'ma an' the rest," said Hattie. And Hattie wept.

"And the visiting lady next door," said Emmy Lou. She did not mean to weep, tears did not come readily to Emmy You, but just then her eyes fell upon the handkerchief still held by its exact center in her hand. What would the exhibition do without them?

Then Emmy Lou wept.

Late that afternoon a carriage stopped at a corner upon which a school building stood. Since his charges were but infantile affairs, the colored gentleman on the box thought to expedite matters and drop them at the corners nearest their homes.

Descending, the colored gentleman flung open the door, and three little girls crept forth, three crushed little girls, three limp little girls, three little girls in a mild kind of mourning.

They came forth timidly. They looked around. They hoped they might reach their homes unobserved.

There was a crowd up the street. A gathering of people—many people. It seemed to be at Emmy Lou's gate. Hattie and Sadie lived farther on.

"It must be a fire," said Hattie.

But it wasn't. It was the exhibition, the principal and Miss Carrie, the teachers and pupils, the mammas and aunties and Uncle Charlie.

"An' gran'ma—" said Hattie.

"And the visiting lady—" said Emmy Lou.

"And our minister," said Sadie.

The gathering of many people caught sight of them presently and came to meet them, three little girls in mild mourning.

The little girls moved slowly, but the crowd moved rapidly.

The gentlemen laughed, Uncle Charlie and the minister and the papa or two, laughed when they heard, and laughed again, and went on laughing, they leaned against the fence.

But the ladies could see nothing funny, the mammas, nor Aunt Cordelia. That mild mourning had been the result of anxious planning and consultation.

Neither could Miss Carrie. She said they had failed her. She said it in her deepest tones and used gestures.

Sadie wept, for the sight of Miss Carrie recalled afresh the tears she should have shed with histrionic talent.

The parents and guardians led them home.

Emmy Lou was tired. She was used to a quiet life and never before had been in the public eye.

At supper she nodded and mild mourning and all, suddenly Emmy Lou collapsed and fell asleep, her head against her chair.

Uncle Charlie woke her. He stood her up on the chair and held out his arms. Uncle Charlie meant to carry her as if she were a baby thing again up to bed.

"Come," said Uncle Charlie.

Emmy Lou stood dazed and flushed, she was not yet quite awake.

Uncle Charlie had caught snatches of school vernacular. "Come," said he, "suit the action to the word."

Emmy Lou woke suddenly, the words smiting her ears with ominous import. She thought the hour had come, it was the exhibition.

She stood stiffly, she advanced a cautious foot, her chubby hand described a careful half circle. Emmy Lou spoke—

"We know not where we go," said Emmy Lou.

"No more we do," said Uncle Charlie.

[To be Continued on Tuesday.]

TWO LITTLE GIRLS AND A SMALL BOY.

By F. FOX.

The two of them were evidently on their way home from school. One bore a knit school satchel that was not heavily laden with what school satchels are usually used for, for instead of being laterally flat it was knobby in places, and the plain face of the small girl who bore it looked kindly upon it.

They were on their way home from school, but the benches under the maples looked inviting. An old gentleman sat on one reading a newspaper and his attention wandered now and again from the Stock Exchange, which was dry and uninteresting, to the evening, which was warm and golden. As for the park maples themselves, they were changing busily their dusty, rusty summer habiliments for the most startling and delicious tints of crimson, vermilion, yellow.

The two small girls were visibly at the wax and pressing age, the gay leaves very attractive. The winds of the night before had sent red and yellow eddies here and there under the trees and an ankle deep tidal wave swept along the curbing. At first, the two small girls merely scuffed along luxuriously through the wave of the curb that whispered and rustled, then here and there a particularly bright leaf caught their eye. Then the dutifully straight homeward course became devious, and it was a leaf here, a leaf there, a dart here, a dart there, till their little hands were crowded with a beautiful big-headed bouquet of insistent color.

The little girl who bore the satchel, now strapped with a gingham apron string around her small person that both her hands might be free, paused to assort her handful into large, medium and small. Her bouquet was much larger than the other little girl's, because her hands were larger. Her hair, too, was brightly autumn tinted—a tint not always respected by other children—and her large plain features were generously and systematically sprinkled with brown freckles. She was not a pretty child, a fact evidently recognized by her mother, for her dress was obviously chosen with an eye more to durability than ornament.

Naturally, the other little girl was the type the first little girl would pick out to chum with. Her dark hair in a trim Russian crop was silky, well brushed and caught to the left of a pretty forehead with a bow of flaming ribbon. Her features were delicate, her dress distinctly ornamental. She planted her feet, too, not with the heel to toe flop of the other little girl, but with a light precision that bespoke the dancing class.

As they stood just opposite the old gentleman, adjusting their leaves, a small boy came into sight. He was whistling, his blue cap was at an astonishing angle, and he was busily kicking home a stone that he had tripped over at the schoolhouse corner.

The two little girls saw him instantly; he did not see them—yet. He wasn't ready. But as he came up behind them he helped his stone along with a skillfully delivered kick that landed it sharply just above the slipper top of the read-headed little girl. Naturally the red-headed little girl was enraged. She came promptly over to the small boy and cuffed him. The small boy laughed, because this was what he had expected. It is because red-headed little girls fly into a passion so remarkably easy that makes it such a temptation to tease them.

"Harvey Jones," cried the injured small girl angrily, "you did that on purpose—you bad boy."

"Didn't," grinned the small boy.

"You did, too."

"Leave it to Annette," stoutly. "Did I Annette?"

"No," demurely replied that small person. "Harvey," she added sweetly, "wish you'd hold these a minute till I get some of those sassafras leaves to go round the outside."

The small boy immediately deserted his stone. He admired the Russian-cropped small girl immensely. She lived three houses below his house, and her dancing class was his.

The red-headed little girl looked upon the twain, and the green dragon came and supped upon her heart. For she, on her part, admired the little Jones boy, in his spick and span white waists, his fresh ties and his curling dark hair always parted to the hair in the middle. At school he sat in the seat behind her seat, and they occasionally traded licorice and chewing gum, when the teacher was otherwise engaged. The red-headed little girl did not attend dancing class, because her mother thought dancing a superfluous accomplishment for plain, red-headed little girls.

And it was because the heart beneath her gingham apron was feminine that she reached down into the knobby satchel and brought up one of the knobs. It proved to be licorice, in a brown paper bag—the nice, long fluted lengths that you chew and chew and chew, till it is in putty-like lumps like chewing gum, only its durability and general returns are far superior to any chewing gum yet invented.

"Harvey," she said, sweetly, as she bit off three inches of the black substance, "Harvey, I wish you'd fill my 'rithmetic with them red oak leaves; they make beautiful crosses and lookin' glass frames."

The small boy looked at her; he looked at the licorice greedily; he shut his eyes to red hair.

"Gimme some," he said generously, "and I will."

"Fill it first," and she held out to him her bethumbed 'rithmetic.

He gave a last look at the brown bag, then he scudded over to the big oak. He picked and chose with suspicious speed of the red tidal wave there till the 'rithmetic looked like the nursery Jungle Book after the baby had finished reading it.

The Russian-cropped little girl looked upon this open perfidy silently, and upon her leaves dropped in a careless pile while he toiled for the wage of licorice. But she said nothing, for beneath the lawn frills of her school apron likewise beat a feminine heart. The book filled to the verge of bursting, the small boy returned. The red-headed little girl looked at him coquettishly from behind her shield of freckles.

"Here," she said as she held out the bag, "Take some!"

The small boy looked at her smiling freckled face, then he peered into the bag; and he generously left therein at least two good inches of black tubing for the red-headed little girl to console herself with. The owner of the bag looked offended—but the small boy didn't care. Instead, he walked over to the Russian-cropped little girl of the slim legs, and gave her half.

"Come on, Annette," he said, and his voice was rough with the pleasant roughness of comradeship, "let's me and you go and get some of them oak leaves. They'd look fierce along with these yellow ones."

Then the small boy and the Russian-cropped little girl idled over to the tidal wave of the oak, while the red-headed little girl could come or she could stay, according to the pride there was in her.

And the sharp eyes of the old gentleman on the bench came back to the page of his newspaper. "Fifteen years more—same thing!" he commented confidentially to the Stock Exchange.

STORIES OF CHILDREN.

Sue's Small Brother Again.

Sue and her family were visiting relatives in another city this summer. There was a monastery a few miles from town and a party of young people was arranged to drive out and picnic in the grounds, as the monks made all visitors hospitably welcome. When Tad heard that Sue was going he cordially and urgently invited himself to accompany her. This plan being vetoed he nearly drove his family distracted by inquiries into the natural history of monks, so that it was many times impressively explained to him that they were not monkeys at all—only men. The day of the picnic came and went. Sue had returned and her escort of the day had come in with her. Mindful of former experiences, Tad's mother corralled him and marched him off to bed under strict escort. Somehow Tad eluded her on the stairs and rushed back to the parlor door where he started eagerly at the visitor. Just as the maternal hand grasped him he called out in a stage whisper, "Sue, is he a monk?"

A Little Boy's Version.

"Shall I tell you a story, mother?"

"Delighted, I'm sure, Bubby."

"All right; I'll tell you the story I heard at Sunday school. Once't there was a poor little girl who was very, very sick. Her folks felt awful bad 'cause she wouldn't get well, an' they had three or four doctors drive up in their auton.obiles every day, and one of these nurses with white caps, you know—mamma, are you listening?"

"Yes, dear. The little girl was very sick; what then?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, it was the time Jesus was walking around on earth healing people, so the little girl's folks sent for him, and don't you know he walked right in and laid his hand on her forehead and said, 'Arise!' And the little sick girl got up and went out to play just as well as anything. And her mother said: 'Oh, Jesus, we thank you for making our little daughter well!' And all the folks knelt down and kissed his garment—mamma, what's a garment?—and they all thanked him most a hundred times; and Jesus said, 'Don't mention it!'"

An Indulgent Disposition.

Before a show window of beautiful toys and bric-a-brac on Washington street stood several dainty little mothers, indulging several dainty little five-year girls in prolonged inspection of all the glittering treasures which the handsome shop afforded. All the little girls were chattering happily over the tempting articles displayed and one little chubby blonde damsel persistently reiterated her heart's desires. "Oh, mother, buy me that little pink doll; oh, mother, please buy me that 'cute little doll's silver comb and brush; oh, mother, I want that little blue china doll's chair."

But the little mother stayed the small girl's torrent of wishes by saying quite positively: "Dorothy, I've bought you a lot of new things already and you can't have any more to-day."

Dorothy was silent for a long moment, then she turned a pouting little face to her determined parent and said:

"Well, if I was a mother I'd buy my child everything she laid her eyes on."

Spoke from Experience.

A certain dear little girl has a number of smaller brothers and sisters—rather too many, the little girl sometimes thinks when she is crowded out of mamma's lap in favor of a younger claimant to that throne. The other day her uncle sent her a pair of fox-terrier pups, little beauties, with coats as white as milk and silky brown ears and appealing brown eyes. The little girl was in raptures. A visitor, with that air of labored politeness which characterizes the attitude of visitors toward small girls, said: "Which would you rather have, little girl, the puppies or your little brother?" "Puppies!" exclaimed the little girl without an instant's hesitation. "Why you awful child," said the shocked visitor, "what do you mean?" "Well," stammered the little girl, trying to "make good," "you know babies is easier to get."

Horses Beat Novelists.

Atlanta Journal.

Indiana evidently undervalues her authors. They have erected a statue to a horse in that State, but do not even pension the novelists.

SPHINX LORE

Enigmatic Knots of Odd and Ingenious Kind for the Leisure Hour.

[Any communication intended for this department should be addressed to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine.]

744.—A FAVORITE BOOK.

D. M. H.

745.—TRANSPOSITION.

Mystic glints on purpled hills,
Sent birds, TWO, away.
Vanished beauties by the rills,
Dead from FIRST remorseless chills,
Told us all that day
Autumn ruled with unquestioned sway.

Now is the season of lethal gloom;
Vanished the sacred fires,
Burning bush and tree ablaom,
Flames that gleam but not consume,
Scarlet funeral pyres;
Happy the soul with few desires!

Behold the leafless shivering boughs!
Frost, on meadows and streams,
LAST that Autumn's going to drowse,
Sunshine so cheerless cannot arouse,
Little she heeds such beams,
Soon she'll fall into tranced dreams.

TOM A. HAWK.

746.—INITIAL CHANGE.

Hope, priceless ONE to mortals given,
Points, radiant, to a home in heaven.

The canny Scot discants forever
In praise of THREE a "bonny river."

At SIX of night, poetic version,
He starts upon a lone excursion.

Intent upon a happy lark he
Finds TWO abroad, this Southern darkey.

When Lady FIVE sheds beams of glory
Her "man," according to the story,

Is, like the FOUR called dull or silly,
Obliged to follow, willy-nilly.

'Tis all too SEVEN to end this ditty,
So wise, so timely, and so witty (?).

TRANZA.

747.—HOMONYMS.

[When certain words, pronounced like some of those in this story, are placed in order as they come, their initials will form an interesting occasion.]

The gulls were sailing on their snowy oteres above our heads when Nathaniel said I ought to untie the knot which held the little cat-boat, and go across the bay before night to see an old mason who was to ceil our nice summer cottage for us. As far as the eye could see the open water was white with caps, and beyond them a veil of fog, which forever and aye hangs about this coast. But no knight was ever braver than Nat in the days of chivalry, and we made the journey in safety.

DOROTHEA.

748.—RIDDLE.

A useful little word am I,
So varied is my industry.
"To stretch," "to bend," is my delight;
"Direction," too, I point aright.
Sometimes I "cleanse, as wool" instead,
Provincial English thus is read.
In English provinces I'm known,
And as "clean wool" 'tis there I'm shown.
If still my usefulness you doubt,
Just "run around" and "turn about,"
And "inclination" will agree
With my assertion, and with me.

TRANZA.

749.—DELETION.

John Jones, the phrophetic of vision,
ONE that Smith would as mayor be known,
But his statement of prospects Elysian
Seemed ALL on his wishes alone,
For the voters, who made the decision,
Elected a person named Stone.

SWAMP ANGEL.

750.—VEGETABLE TRANSFORMATIONS.

[By changing the primal of the first word make a vegetable or plant for the second of each pair.]

1. She is in mourning, and spoiled her ***** by getting the juice of ***** on it. 2. I never could agree to a ***** with one who smells of *****. 3. He brought in a ****** of wood, and a basket of ****** in the ear. 4. But the wood fell on his toes, and made him exclaim roughly, "**********!" but his wife diverted him by showing him the red bloom on her *********. 5. When she found his **** were really hurt, she would not ask him to dig a **** or two for dinner. 6. Their eldest **** was out hoeing the ****. 7. Their house was called "The ******," but it was too far north for the ****** to grow. 8. Her complexion is ******, about the tint of the flowers of one kind of ******. 9. It showed the most against the white ******, I fear she will soon rest under the ******. 10. They crossed the pond in a ******, looking for some fruit on a ****** tree. 11. The ***** led his bride out upon the downs among the gorse and *****. 12. She bruised her **** deep in a sweet ****.

DOROTHEA.

751.—ANAGRAM.

TO INTEND A RIME requires some WHOLE
Of thought, and purpose, too,
And yet one may not reach the goal,
Though many often do.

T. H.

752.—CHARADE.

Patracia, whose blood, she says, is blue
Has a bold suitor whom she calls ONE-TWO,
Because, forsooth his forbears were unknown
Until of late, as by the records shown,
While hers, well, 'tis a century agone
Since one ancestor, called then a TWO-ONE,
Began the TWO ONE fortune's rocky slope
With no accessories save youth and hope,
Perchance the "rustic shoes" upon his feet.
His TWO-ONE helped him in the great COMPLETE.

TRANZA.

THE PRIZE KNOTS.

An attractive prize, one of our best, will be given the sender of the best list of plants, etc., answering No. 750. The solutions are to be forwarded within one week, and in case of doubt, the winner will be decided by any special neatness or other extra merit of one of the nearest complete lists.

The prize for the best answers to No. 712 goes to Mrs. Lizzie H. Williams, Dunreith, Ind. Other excellent solutions are acknowledged from Carrie McHenry, J. M. Bowers, William A. Black, J. Q. A. Paul, Belle McVough, G. F. Carrigan, M. D. Holmes, F. C. Groves, S. J. Neal, Allen T. Packard, Mrs. C. A. White, Lucy M. Dunn, H. P. Lewis, Mrs. Nora Pratt, E. N. Andrews, W. P. Fornham, Abel Edwards, W. H. French, N. R. Lee, L. M. Roscoe, B. E. Milliken.

ANSWERS.

726.—Be not too fastidious.
727.—Arise, rise.
728.—In, I.
729.—1. King John. 2. King Richard. 3. King Henry VIII. 4. Hamlet. 5. The Passionate Pilgrim. 6. Much Ado About Nothing. 7. The Tempest. 8. Twelfth Night. 9. The Winter's Tale. 10. Macbeth. 11. Coriolanus. 12. Timon of Athens. 13. A Lover's Complaint. 14. King Lear. 15. Venus and Adonis. 16. Romeo and Juliet. 17. The Merchant of Venice. 18. As You Like It. 19. Measure for Measure. 20. All's Well That Ends Well.
730.—Gas.
731.—Never entrap a partner even.
732.—Friend-ship.
733.—Glid, hilt, jilt, kilt, lilt, silt, tilt, wilt.
734.—Sheper, seraph, phrase.